What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
Is it her school-girl days.
When thoughts and hopes half-formed are rife.
Amid her glad, wild ways?
Ah! No, not then.
The happiest time is yet to come-but when?

What's the happlest time of a woman's
life?
Is it her virgin prime.
When love awakes, ere she's a wife,
Is it that golden time?
Ah! No, not then,
A happler time is coming yet—but when?

What's the happlest time of a woman's

life? wedding day,
Is it her wedding day,
When wows are pledged, and as a wife
She's bound to him for aye?

Say, is it then?

Ah! No, not yet; the time is coming.

When?

The happlest time of a woman's life?

All: It has come at last;

For, hark! I hear a little voice,

And footsteps toddling fax;

And the happlest hours, I know, are

these,

When the children are playing about her knees.

A number of Richmond people are spending the summer in Albemarie county, one of the pleasantest and most pleuresque sections of the Old Dominion. At the Wayland home, near Crozet, are gathered Mrs. Robert Klein, Mr. Charles Ryland, Mr. W. E. Barrett, Miss Belen Klein, Mr. Charles Ryland, Mr. W. E. Barrett, Miss Barrett, Miss Bigger, Mrs. W. J. Dabney, Master Willie Dabney, Master Rutherfoord Rose, Mrs. Christian, Misses Neil and Eliza Christian, Master Paul Christian and Mrs. Russell Bargamin.

Mrs. Russell Bargamin.
Mrs. Conway Sands, Mrs. Henson, Mrs.
Brockenbrough and Mrs. Blankenship
are at Mauchunk, the home of Mr. and are at Mauchunk, the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bowcock, not far from Keswick, in lower Albemarle. At a recent meeting of the Keswick Whist Club at "Castalia," Mr. and Mrs. Murray Bowcock were the hosts. Miss Clark, of New York, who is visiting at Castalia, was the guest of honor. Richmond was represented by Mrs. Brockenbrough and Mrs. Honson.

A lawn party will be given at "Castalia" to-day by the rectory chapter of Grace Episcopal Church. A play, presented by amateurs, will be followed by an ice cream festival, side shows and fortune-telling. The affair promises much in the way of interest and success.

Mrs. Faulkner's German.

Mrs. Faulkner's German.

Mrs. Faulkner's German.

At the german given in the Chamberlin Hotel last Friday evening by Mr. and
Mrs. Charles J. Faulkner, the hosts' of
the evening were assisted in receiving by
their daughter. Miss Sally Faulkner: Miss
Bassell, of West Virginia, and Miss Rosa
Tucker, the daughter of Hon. H. St.
George Tucker, of Lexington, Va.
Everything passed off brilliantly, Miss
Faulkner leading with Mr. Allen D. Jones,
of Newport News. Among the Richmond
girls present were Miss Helen O'Ferrall.
Miss Virginia Chamberlayne and Miss
Arnes McCarthy.

Agnes McCarthy.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Davenport will spend the midsummer months at Nova

Dr. and Mrs. Truman Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hobson will be members of a midsummer party, who will so into camp and test the pleasures of out-of-door life in Warm Springs Valley this

Monday in Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Edward T. Crump is spending the summer at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. Leslie B. Wiggs left last night for a short trip to Charleston, S. C., and Wrightsville Beach, N. C.

Mr. Wallace Henderson will pass his vacation at his summer home near Greenwood, Albemarle county.

Miss Georgia Phipps, a charming young lady of Geonstioro, N. C., is vis-iting Miss Kendall, at No. 708 West Cary

Mr. A. D. Jenkins is visiting friends at West Point. Mr. F. E. Carter has gone to Buckroe

Mrs. W. R. Farrell is summering at

Mr. L. F. Barnes is at the Hotel Chamberlin, Old Point, for a month.

Mr. G. S. McRuo and family are enpoying midsummer at Ocean View.

Mr. J. W. Sinton is at Sherwood cot-

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Holderby and family, and Mrs. H. F. Smith and daughters are at Dawes's cottage, Ocean View. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parrish and fami-

Mr. J. H. Anderson is spending the summer at Cold Sulphur Springs.

The Rev. Thomas Semmes is at Green-

wood for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. D. Myers are at liomestead Hotel, Hot Springs.

Mrs. Joseph Anthony is at Midway Jun, near Hot Springs, Va.

Mrs. J. A. McGilvray is at Millboro Va., for the summer.

Mrs. J. Garnett Nelson is spending the summer at Montpelier, Hanover county, Va.

Mrs. B. B. Simmons is at Millboro,

Mrs. B. L. Purcell and family are at

NATURE CURES WITH SULPHUR'S

AID. Hancock's Liquid Sulphur Heals an Entire Class of Ills.
Employed in battling, it confers the tone and exhiliration which always accompany the healthful action of the

Hancock's Liquid Sulphur softens and clarifies the facial skin and imparts a

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

tever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 240.

LOST YOUTH.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Stevenson's father had charge of the lighthouses on the coast of Sectiand, and Robert Louis often rode in the lighthouse tender. He wrote those verses on one of these trips. "Mull," "Egg," and "Rum," are the names of islands bying to the south of the island of Skye, on the west coast of Sectiand. Mention is made of them in Boswell's famous book about Dr. Johnson and himself, cultited "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." Another selection from Sivenson, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this strick.



ING me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

> Mull was astern, Egg on the port, Rum on the starboard bow; Glory of youth glowed in his soul; Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

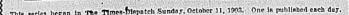
Give me again all that was there, Give me the sun that shone! Give me the eyes, give me the soul, Give me the lad that's gone!

> Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

Billows and breeze, islands and seas, Mountains of rain and sun, All that was good, all that was fair, All that was me is gone.







Nimrod Hall for the midsummer.

Mrs. John B. Purcell is summering a. Rockbridge Baths.

Judge and Mrs. Edmund Waddill and family, accompanied by Judge Waddill's niece, Miss Emily Waddill, are at Rock-bridge Alum Springs.

Mr. J. C. Joplin and Mr. J. H. Wilkinson are at Waynesboro, Va.

Mr. F. T. Glasgow is at the Greenbries White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. John R. Livesay is at Cape Hen

y for the summer. Mrs. J. W. Craig is at Cape Henry for a week, as the guest of Mrs. Ferrebee. Mr. John W. Rison is at Wild Rose cottage, Virginia Beach, for two weeks, Mr. R. D. Morgan is at Greenwood cottage, Mr. W. M. Miller and Mr. W. P. Barham are at Meredith cottage.

Miss Emily Harvie is at Massanetta Springs for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. A. H. Kirsh is at Broadway, Va.

Miss Elizabeth Moorman is at Ban-

Mrs. William A. Price is at Crockett

Mrs. John Moncure is at Widewater.

Professor R. W. Flournoy is at Jeffer son Park Hotel for a week.

Miss Annie P. Gray is at Buford, Va.

Mr. William Holmeshead, Va. Mr. William Cooke is summering at

Mrs. J. T. Alvey and daughter are with Mrs. Seay, at Hardware, Va. Miss Sadie McCreery is at Scottsville

Va., for two weeks. Mrs. H. C. Johnson is the guest of riends in Savannah, Ga.

Mr. Richard W. Flournoy is at Red Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Mrs. Russell Robinson is spending July

at Alleghany Springs. Dr. W. Cabell Moore is at Big Stone

Mr. Robert C. Price is at King's Moun-

Mr. and Mrs. Bernett Lewis and fami-

are summering at Amelia Court-

Miss Annie J. Christian is at Blec Ridge

Mr. A. C. Glenn, of South Boston, Va. has returned from Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Mr. Calvin Cooke is spending July a the Mocklenburg,

Mr. Jacob Block has gone to remain six weeks at Eichtershein, near Heidel-berg, Baden, Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Meloney are at Pocantico Hills, New York.

Mrs. Thomas Atkinson and Mrs. Frank Davenport are at Boach Bluff. Massa-chusetts.

Miss Ethel Davie is at Breezchurs Vhitestone, New York.

As Woman Reasoneth. Blanche Byr (colored) was sent to jall yesterday for stealing her employers suit of clothes. Pur ably she thought she had apiked his guns, and that he would not be able to appear in court against her, but he camena a borrowed suit—and Blanche received her reward.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

Misses' Shirtwaist.

No. 4515: Tucks in box-pleated effect characterize the modish shirt-walst shown here in mercerized cotton. The closing is in the back, and the front blouses very prettly. The sleeve is in box-pleate style also and finished by a cuff. The box-plaits may be simply stitched



strips of contrasting material might be used in outlining the yoke and fastening with buttons as illustrated. A pretty development would be in pongee, outlining the shaped bands with red silk and using red buttons which are cross-sittehed with white thread. The style is equally pretty for silk, woolen or cotton; in fact any material that will lend itself to pleats. Sizes-13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 years.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO. Nos. 136-149 West Twenty-third Street. New York. When ordering, please do not fail to mention number and to indicate that this coupon is from The Times-Dispatch. No. 4515.

MIDSUMMER DOINGS SOCIETY ELSEWHERE

Where People Are Going and How They Are Amusing Themselves.

New York.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, Sr., and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt have changed their plans, and will not be at Newport this season. They are cruising along the coast of Norway and Sweden with Mrs. Robert Goelet on her yacht, the Nahma. They will visit a number of places on the Continent before returning to this country. Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter were present at the luncheoft given by Mrs. Goelet for the Kalser at Bergen the other day, and were likewise presented to the Empress while at Kiel, in the race week, which they attended as the guests of Mrs. Goelet on the Nahma.

A number of well known people are due to-day from Europe on incoming liners, among them being Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt are on their yacht, the North Star, bound for New York. Miss Ethel Rockefeler, who has been making a tour through England on a motor car, sails for home to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt will be at Atlantic City this week for the Horse Show there. Worthington Whitehouse has been spending a few days with them at Oakland Farm, their place near Newport.

Newport.

Newport.

There were a number of social affairs in Newport Monday, although it was the hottest day of the season, the thermometer at noon reading 88 degrees in the shade. In the afternoon Mr and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed took a party out on the island on a picnic on their coach, and Mrs. J. A. Codman held a reception in honor of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at which a number of the women of the cottage deolony littended. Mrs. Robers Sedgwick entertained a number of women at the Clambake Club, and Mrs. William M. Kingsland entertained at luncheon at the Pinard cottage.

Monday evening cottage dinners were

Monday evening cottage dinners were given by Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mrs. C. P. H. Gilbert and Mrs. Hugh L. Willoughby, the latter in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James King Clark, who sail to-morrow from Boston for Europe. Mrs. William Grosvenor entertained a large party of young people last night at Freebody Park, later taking them to Berger's Bellevue Lodge, where supper, which was followed by dancing, was served. The affair was given in honor of the Misses Grosvenor.

Washington.

Mrs. A. C. Barney and her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Barney, have joined Miss Elsie Barney in Paris, where they will remain for the rest of July, They will spend the autumn on the Content and re-open their Washington house in Novem-her.

The Rev. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. John's Epigeopal Church, and family are visiting Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. William C. Otis, at her summer home, Edgeville, in Nahant.

Mrs. Wallach and her daughter, Miss Rose Douglas Wallach, and Miss Emlly Wallach are occupying a cottage which Mrs. Wallach has recently leased at Nar-ragansett Pier.

Miss Louise Warfield, daughter of Governor Warfield, who has been the guest of Miss Mary Foxley Tilghman in Talbot county, will leave for her home in Howard by Miss Tilghman and Miss Harrison, who will spend several weeks as her guests.

Miss Ruth Augusta Souder, after spending two weeks with her friends, Miss Dorsey and the Misses Crapster, of Howard county, has gone to Summit Point Va.

beside the motionless body; "It's nob'but a sheep." As he spoke his hands wan-dered deftly over the carcase. "But what's this?" he celled. "Stout" she was

"Stout-hearty, as me. Look at her fleeco-crisp, close, strong; feel the flesh-firm as a rock. And ne'er a bone broke, ne'er a scrat on her body a pin could mak'. As healthy as a mon-end yet dead as mutton!"

Jim, still trembling from the horror of his fear, came up, and knelt beside his friend. "Ah, hit there's bin devilry in this!" he said: "I reck'ned they sheep had bin badly skeared, and not so long agone."

bin badly skeared, and not so long agone."

"Sheep-murder, sure enough!" the other answered. "No fox's doin- a girt-grown two-shear as could 'maist knock a h'ox."

Jim's hands traveled from the body to the dead cresture's throat. He, screamed.
"By gob, Master! look 'ee theer!" He held his hand up in the moonlight, and it dripped red. "And warm yet! warm!"

"Tear some bracken, Jim!" ordered the other, "and set a-light. We mun see to this,"

"Tear some bracken, Jim!" ordered the other. "and set a-light. We mun see to this."

The postman did as bid. For a moment the fern smouldered and smoked, then the flame ran crackling along and shot vp in the darkness, weirdly lighting the scene; to the right the low wood, a block of solid blackness against the sky; in front the wall of sheep, staring out of the gloom with bright eyes, and as centerplece that still, white body, with the kneeling men and lurcher sniffing tentatively round.

The victim was subjected to a critical examination. The threat, and that only, had been hideously mauled; from the raw wounds the flesh hung in horrid shreds; on the ground all about were little pliftly dabs; of wool, wrenched off apparently in a struggle; and, crawling among the fern-roots, a snake-like track of red led down to the stream.

"A dog's don', and no mistakin' thot," said Jim at length, after a minute inspection.

"Av" declared the Master, with slow."

peccessossessessesses Burk's Great July

Clearance Sale

If you are looking for Real Bargains in Boys Children's Wearables, you can rest assured that better values await you here than anywhere in the city.

Your Unrestricted Choice of

ENTIRE STOOK, ROOT AND BRANCH.

Suits, Buster Brown, Russian and Eton Blouse Suits, also Two-Piece Single Breasted Suits, without reserve or exception, at the following cut-price scale:

\$1.15 in the house former choice of any Suit price \$2.00 and \$2.50.

\$1.95 for your unrestricted house, formerly priced \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50. \$2.95 for your unrestricted choice of any Suit in the house that formerly sold for \$5, \$6, \$7, \$7.50.

Mothers' Friend Shirt-Waists, 50c, and 76c, quality, 33c

Suits selling heretofore \$6.75 up to \$12.50, now..... \$6.75 Suits selling heretofore \$9.50 up to \$15 and \$18, now.. \$9.50 Boys' Wash Suits'

Boys'

Long Pants Suits.

Reductions That Surpass all Records

Suits selling heretofore \$4.50 up to \$8.50, now.....

At Hall Price. \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 Suits

Exactly Half Price.

Boys' 35c. Straw Hats......17c Boys' \$1 and \$1.50 Hats......50e This sale is absolutely free from refuse stocks, auction

BURK & CO., 1003 E., Main St.

plunder, delusions or misrepresentations. No promises

made but that are not fulfilled to the letter.

She will also visit friends in Loudoun county. Va. before returning to Baltimore in September.

Milton Place, have as their guests during July Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hitc. of Woodstock, Va.; Mrs. A. J. Golladay, of St. David's Church, Va., and Mr. Junius V. Gutermuth, of Jensen, Fla. SAYS DEVIL CAUSED HIM

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

UTICA, N. Y., July 19.—W. C. Montague, who lives in North Illon, in the town of Herkimer, cast an illegal vote at the town meeting in 1828 and the matter weighed so heavily on his mind that he decided to make public confession through the press. He caused the following letter to be published:
"To the citizens of the town of Herkimer, State of New York.—Bo it known that at town meeting of the year 1828, an illegal vote was cast. J. the said party, was requested to support a candidate. From all appearances I looked to be a legal voter. I knew I was not, but the devil, in whose service I was, threw me, and I committed the sin. God has shown me that I must confess the same to the public."

public."
This confession is signed, "W. C. Montague, Committer,"

Arcanum Prosperity.

McCarthy Council, No. 485, Royal-Arcanum, will hold an interesting meeting at Lee Camp Hall to-morrow night at 8 o'clock. Efforts are being made to get up a large class for initiation by fall and winter. Workerly are being organized by each council, which will effect a permanent organization this month. At Shockoe Council last Wednesday night some fifty members joined the workers' class. At McCarthy meeting to-morrow night it is expected fully as many will join the class. An enthusiastic meeting will be held. Delegations from Shockoe, Union and Henrico Councils will be present.

touched the others, d'yo' see, Jim?"
'The postman whistled, tong and low.

store myself, but I've heard ma grand-dad speak o't mony's the time. An owd dog'll git the cravin' for sheep's blood on him, just the same as a mon does for the drink; he creeps oot o' nights, gallops afar. hunts his sheep, downs 'cr, and bloody death, the crayin'. And he nary kills but the one, they say, for he knows the valle o' sheep same as you and me, lie has his gallop, quenches his thirst, and then he's for home, maybe a score mile away, and no one the wiser i' th' mornin'. And so on, till he cooms to a bloody death, the murderin' traitor."

"If he does!" said Jim.

"And he does, they say, nigh slways, For he gets bolder and bolder wi' not bein' caught, until one fine night a bullet lets light into him. And some mon gets knocked nigh endways when they bring his best tyke home i' th' mouth."

"It he sheep's won' nouth."

"It he sheep's won' nouth."

"It he does!" said Jim.

"And he does, they say, nigh slways, For he gets bolder and bolder wi' not bein' caught, until one fine night a bullet lets light into him. And some mon gets knocked nigh endways when they bring his best tyke home i' th' mouth."

lets light into him. And some mon gets knocked nigh endways when they bring his best tyke home i'th' mornin, dead, wi' the sheep's wool yet stickin' in his

mouth."

The postman whiatled again.
"It's what owd Wrottesley'd tell on to a tick. And he'd say, if ye mind, Master, as hoo the dog'd niver kill his master's sheep—kind o' conscience-like,"
"Ay, I've heard that," said the Master. "Queer, too, and 'im bein' such a bad un!"

mat!"
"I nob'hut wish he was, pore owd lad!"
said the Master.
As he spoke there was a crash in the
wood above them; a sound as of some hig
body bursting furiously through brushwood.
The two merchanisms.

at length.

EXPLODES POWDER. Lightning Struck Supply House. Explosion Shakes Town.

Explosion Shakes Town.

(Sneeial to The Times-Dispatch.)

WILKESBARRE. PA., July 19.—During the worst storm of the year here early yesterday morning lightning struck the supply house of the Laftin Powder Company, at Gracedale, six miles north of this city, and three tons of giant powder exploded.

The sliock set off the drier and the aural house, and three explosions were distinctly heard and felt in this city. The plant is one of the largest in this section and is a complete wreck, all this near-by buildings being razed to the ground.

The hight force of men were not at work, having been warned not to go to the mills unless the storm stopped. Twelve of them, however, were on their way to begin work when the explosion happened down of Gracedale, a quarier of a mile from the mills, there is not a whole pane of glass left, and in one row of houses on the hill above the mills the entire fronts, are shattered. Save for a few cuts from flying glass, no one was injured.

For a space of five hundred yards around the trees are stripped of leaves and the scene is being visited by hundreds.

ROLLED OUT OF BED.

Almost desf and blind, separated from his wife for three years, and out of work. Christian Haag, forty-five years old, a machinist, tried to end his life yesterday morning by inhaling illuminating gas at No. 508. West Lehigh Avenue, where he boarded. He rolled from his bed while stupetied by the gas, and, walking from the house to the street, met a policeman, who took him to St. Christopher's Hospital, where the physicians succeeded in reviving him.

Haag boarded with Mrs. Maggie Hewitt, and he became despondent over his many reverses. He deeded to end his life and made a will. Then he turned on the gas, but just as he was lapsing into unconsciousness he rolled out of bed. He left the house and was taken to the hospital by the policeman. After being revived Haag was placed under Arrest and taken before Magistrate Gillespie, who held him under 400 ball for court on the charge of attempting suicide.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FIRED SHOTS AT

The case of E. F. Callahan, proprise of the Gladstone Hotel, charged with Keeping his bar open on Sunday, was tried in the Police Court yesterday morning. Callahan was fined \$200, but his counsel, Mr. H. M. Smith, Jr., took an appeal. The trial was enlivered by the remarks of the justice of the defense, who replied fit a very sirtled fachion.

TAKE THE POPULAR C, & O, SHORTEST QUICKEST BEST. TO NORFOLK, OCEAN VIEW, CAPE HENRY AND VA. BEACH.

Two trains leave Richmond 8:30 and 9 A. M. Eight hours in Norfolk; nine hours at Ocean View; ten hours at Old Point and Buckroe Beach. Three hours longer at Ocean View than via any other route, Virginia Beach and Cape Henry, 8:25. Returning leave Norfolk via Ocean View Railway 7 P. M., leave Ocean View 7:30 P. M., leave old Point 8:30 P. M., (Seaside Special), makes no stops, Arrives Richmond 10:30 P. M., Norfolk and Virginia Beach passengers can also leave Norfolk via C. & O. steamer 7:15, connecting at Newport News with train leaving Newport News 8:10 P. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS TO PETERSBURG. 40 Cents for Round Trip.

clarifies the facial skin and imparts a clear, brillant complexion.

As Nature's greatest germicide, it is the true, effective and lasting remedy for acne, burns and scalds, canker, catarrh, diphtheria, itch, pimples, prickly heat, imgworm and soreness of scalp, need, eyelids, mouth or throat.

Leading druggists' sell it. Descriptive booklet on the nature, use and effects of this standard remedy will be mailed to any address by Hancock Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore, Md

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Talley, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Wise and Mr. T. W. Wood are at Sweet Springs, W. Va.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

"A Book to Be Thankful For."

CHAPTER XV-Continued

In a second the Master was with him. xamining him tenderly, and crying for examining him tenderly, and crying for Sam'l, who slept above the stables. There was every symptom of foul play; the tongue was swollen and almost black; the breathing labored; the body twitched horribly; and the soft gray eyes all bloodshot and straining in second

with the aid of Sam'l and Maggie, drenching first and stimulants later, the Master pulled him round for the moment. And soon Jim Mason and Parson Leggy, burriedly summoned, came running hothurriedly summoned, came running notfoot, to the rescue.

Prompt and stringent measures saved
the victim-but only just. For a time
the best sheep-dog in the North was
rawing at the Gate of Death. In the
end, as the gray dawn broke, the danger
The attempt to get at him, if attempt
to was aroused passionate indignation

it was, aroused passionate indignation in the country-side. It seemed the cul-minating point of the excitement long There were no traces of the culprit;

bubbling.

There were no traces of the culprit; rot a vestige to lead to incrimination, so cunningly had the criminal accomplished his foul task. But as to the perpetrator, if there were no proofs there were yet fewer doubts.

At the Sylvester Arms Long Kirby tasked M'Adam point-blank for his explanation of the matter.

"Hoo do I 'count for it?" the little man cried. "I dinna 'count for it ava."

"Then hoo did it happen?" asked Tammas with asperity.

"I dinna believe it did happen," the little man replied! "I's a lee o' James Moore's—a charactereestic lee." Whereon they chucked him out incontinently; for the Terror for once was elsewhere. Now that afternoon is to be remembered for threefold causes. Pirstly, because, as has been sald, M'Adam was alone. Secondly, because, a few minutes after his electment, the window of the tay-room was thrown open from without, and the little man looked in. Its each. "Then hoo did it happen?" asked Tammas with asperity.
"I dinna believe it did happen," the little man replied "It's a lee of James Moore's—a characteresestic lee." Whereon they chucked him out incontinently. Then he dropped in the heather on they chucked him out incontinently. Then he dropped in the heather attempt on bim; and from that to make a dead man, pulling the other with him. "Onon, mon!" he whispered, clutching at Opy with his spars hand.
"Now that afternoon is to be remembered for threefold causes. Pirstly, be cause, as has been said, M'Adam was alone. Secondly, because, a few minute laying the other with a dog's defined to the cup Day."
"I'm or me—it mak's no differ." For whispered, because, as few minute laying the other with and the little man looked in the spoke line word but those dim, smouldering tyes of his wandered from face to face, and the little man looked in second on each, as if, to burn them on his memory. "I'll remember ye, gentlemen," he said at length.

Was their nature; a word or two on the coming Imminestime; the coming Imminestime; the coming Imminestime; the shepherds Traphy; Owd Bob and the shed beside Gyp. The postman stood with his head a little forward, listening in the heather late pitting. Then he dropped in the heather like a dead man, pulling the other with him.

"On, mon!" he whispered, clutching at length, and the minute laying the other with him.

"You with his spars hand.

"You with his post with with wond? the w

quietly, shut the window, and was gone. Thirdly, for a reuson now to be told.

Though ten days had elapsed since the attempt on him, the gray dog had never been his old self since. He had attacks of shivering; his vitally seemed sapped; he tired easily, and, great heart, would tever own it. At length on this day, James Moore, leaving the old dog behind him, had gone over to Grammochtown to consult Dingley, the vet. On his way home he met Jim Mason with Gyp, the faithful Betsy's unworthy successor, rt the Dalesman's Daughter. Together they started for the long tramp home ever the Marches. And that journey is marked with a red stone in this story. All day long the hills had been bathed

"Why-murder."

"Not if I can help it," the other answered grimly.

The fog had cleared away by now, and the moon was up. To their right, on the crest of a rise some two hundred yards away, a low wood stood out black against the sky. As they passed it, a blackbird rose up screaming, and a brace of wood-pigeons winged noisily away.

"Undeb bark to the yammerin!" mut-(Coypright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co.)

Though ten days had elapsed since the

they started for the long train home ever the Marches. And that journey is marked with a red stone in this story. All day long the hills had been bathed in impenetrable fog. Throughout there had been an accompanying drizzle; and in the distance the wind had moaned a storm-menace. To the darkness of the day was added the sombreness of falling night as the three began the ascent of the Murk Muir Pass. By the time they emerged into the Devil's Bowl it was altogether black and blind. But the threat of wind had passed, leaving utter stillness; and they could hear the soft splash of an otter on the far side of the Lone Tarn as they skirted that gloomy water's edge. When at length the last steep rise on to the Marches had been topped, a breath of soft air amote them lightly, and the curtain of fog began drifting away.

The two men swung steadily through the heather with that reaching stride the birthright of moor-men and high-ianders. They talked but little, for such was their nature; a word or two on theep and the approaching lambing-time; thence on to the coming Trials; the Shepherds' Trophy; Owd Bob and the

'D'yo' think it'll coom to that?' he

"Hullo! hark to the yammerin!" mut-tered Jim, stopping, "and at this time o' night, too!" o' night, too!"
Some rabbhs, playing in the moonlight on the outskirts of the wood, sat up. listened, and hopped back into security. At the same moment a big hill fox slimk out of the covert. He stole a pace forward and halted, listening with one ear tack and one pad raised; then cantered dilently away in the gloom, passing close to the two men and yet not observing them.

"What's up, I wonder?" mused the

them.

"What's up, I wonder?" mused the postman.

"The fox set 'em clackerin', I reck'n," said the Master.

"Not he; he was scared 'maist oct o' his skth." the other answered. Then in tones of suppressed excitement, with his hand on James Moore's arm:

"And, look 'ee, theer's ma Gyp a-beckonin' on us!"

There, indeed, on the crest of the rise beside the wood, was the little lurcher, now looking back at his master, now creeping stealthily forward.

"Ma word! theer's summat wrong yonder!" cried Jim, and jerked the posthags off his shoulder. "Coom on Master!"—and he set off running toward the dog; while James Moore, himself excited now, followed with an sgillty that belied his years.

Some score yards from the lower edge of the spinney, upon the farther side of the ridge, a tiny beck babbled through its bed of peat. The two men, as they topped the rise, noticed a flock of blackfaced mountain-sheep, clustered in the dip 'twixt wood and stream. They stood maritailed in close array, facing half toward the wood, half toward the newconers, heads up, eyes glaring, handsome as sheep only look when scared.

On the creat of the ridge the two men halted beside Gyp. The postman stood with his head a little forward, listening intently. Then he dropped in the heather like a dead man, pulling the other with him.

"Doon, mon!" he whispered, clutching little him.

hoarse cry of terror: "Save us! what's you theer?"

Then, for the first time, the Master raised his head and noticed, lying in the gloom between them and the array of sheep, a still, white heap.

James Moore was a man of deeds, not words.

forward, his heart in his mouth.
The sheep stamped and shuffled as he came, and yet did not break.
"Ah, thanks be!" he cried, dropping

·Siout-heart.

Arcanum Prosperity

as not yet, nippin' 'em, pullin' 'em down, till he'd maybe killed the half. But 'im as did this killed for blood, I say. He

"It's just what owd Wrottesley'd tell

un!"

Jim Mason rose slowly from his kniess
"Mg word," he said, "I wish Th' Owd
Un was here. He'd 'appen show us sum-

body bursting furiously through brushwood.

The two men rushed to the top of the
rise. In the darkness they could see
nothing; only, standing still and holding
their breaths, they could hear the faint
sound, over growing fainter, of some
creature splashing in a hasty gallop over
the wet moors.

"Yon's him! Yon's no fox, I'll tak'
oath. And a main big un, too, hark to
him!" cried Jim. Then to Gyp. who had
rushed off in hot pursuit: "Coom back,
crunk-fead, What's use o' you agin a
gallopin' potamus?"

Gradually the sounds died away and
away, and were no more.

"Thot's 'im, the devil!" said the Master
at length.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

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